

## Purified by Suffering

BY  
MARY J.  
HOLMES.

She would be a belle like her sister, though of a different stamp, he thought, as he again bent down his head while she removed the apron and disclosed more than one big spot upon his broadcloth. Mark assured her that it did not matter; his coat was nearly worn out, and any way he never should regret that he had chanced once in his life, or forget it either; and then he asked if Helen would be in New York the coming winter, talking of the pleasure it would be to meet her there, until Helen began to feel what she never had felt, a desire to visit Katy in her own home.

"Remember if you come that I am your debtor for numerous hospitalities," he said, when he at last bade her good-bye and sprang into the covered buggy, which Uncle Ephraim had brought out in honor of Katy's arrival.

Old Whitey was hitched at a safe distance from all possible harm. Uncle Ephraim had returned from the store near by, laden with the six pounds of crushed sugar and the two pounds of real old Java he had been commissioned to purchase with a view to Katy's taste, and now upon the platform at West Silvertown, he stood, with Mark Ray, waiting for the arrival of the train just appearing in view across the level plain.

"It's fifteen months since she went away," he said, and Mark saw that the old man's form trembled with the excitement of meeting her again, while his eyes scanned eagerly every window and door of the cars now slowly stopping before him. "There, there!" and he laid his hand nervously on Mark's shoulder, as a white, jaunty feather appeared in view; but that was not Katy, and the dim eyes ran again along the whole line of the cars, from which so many were alighting.

But Katy did not come, and with a long breath of wonder and disappointment the deacon said: "Can it be she is asleep? Young man, you are spry than I. Go through the cars and find her."

Mark knew there was plenty of time, and so he made the tour of the cars, but found, alas, no Katy. "She's not there," was the report carried to the poor old man, who tremblingly repeated the words: "Not there, not come!" while over his aged face there broke a look of touching sadness, which Mark never forgot, remembering it always just as he remembered the big tear drops which from his seat by the window he saw the old man wipe away with his coat-sleeve, as whispering softly to Whitey of his disappointment he unhitched the horse and drove away alone.

"May be she's writ. I'll go and see," he said, and driving to their regular office he found a letter directed by Wilford Cameron, but written by Katy; but he could not read it then, and thrusting it into his pocket he went slowly back to the home where the tempting dinner was prepared and the family waiting so eagerly for him. Even before he reached them they knew of the disappointment, for from the garret window Helen had watched the road by which he would come, and when the buggy appeared in sight she saw he was alone.

There was a mistake: Katy had missed the train, she said to her mother and aunts, who hoped she might be right. But Katy had not missed the train, as was indicated by the letter which Uncle Ephraim withdrew a word into Helen's hand, leaning on old Whitey's neck while she read aloud the attempt at an explanation which Katy had hurriedly written, a stain on the paper where a tear had fallen, attesting her distress at the bitter disappointment.

"Wilford did not know of the other letter," she said, "and had made arrangements for her to go back with him to New York, inasmuch as the house was already opened and the servants there waiting a head; besides that, Wilford had been absent so long that he could not possibly stop at Silvertown himself, and as he would not think of leaving without her, even for a few days, there was no alternative but for her to go with him on the boat directly to New York. I am sorry, oh, so sorry, but indeed I am not to blame," she added in conclusion, and this was the nearest approach there was to an admission that anybody was to blame for this disappointment which cut so cruelly, making Uncle Ephraim cry, as out in the barn he hung away the mended harness and covered the new buggy, which had been bought for naught.

"I might have had the overcoat, for Katy will never come home again, never. God grant that it's the Cameron pride, not hers that kept her from us," the old man said, as on the hay he knelt down and prayed that Katy had not learned to despise the home where she was so beloved.

Katy will never come to us again, seemed the prevailing opinion at Silvertown, where more than Uncle Ephraim felt a chilling doubt at times as to whether she really wished to come or not. If she did, it seemed easy of accomplishment, to those who knew not how perfect and complete were the fetters thrown around her, and how unbending the will which governed hers. Could they have seen the look in Katy's face when she first understood that she was not going to Silvertown, their hearts would have bled for the

unwarranted creature who tied up the stairs to her own room, where Esther found her twenty minutes later, cold and fainting upon the bed, her face as white as ashes, and her hands clenched so tightly that the nails left marks upon the palms.

"It was not strange that the poor child should faint—indeed, it was only natural that nature should give way after so many weeks of gaiety, and she very far from being strong," Mrs. Cameron said to Wilford, who was beginning to repent of his decision, and who but for that remark perhaps might have revoked it. Indeed, he made an attempt to do so when, as consciousness came back, Katy lay so pale and still before him; but Katy did not understand him, or guess that he wished her to meet him more than half the way, and so the verdict was unchanged, and in a kind of bewilderment, Katy wrote the hurried letter, feeling less actual pain than did its readers, for the disappointment had stunned her for a time, and all she could remember of the passage home on that same night when Mark Ray sat with Helen in the sitting room at Silvertown, was that there was a fearful storm of rain mingled with lightning flashes and thunder peals, which terrified the other ladies, but brought to her no other sensation save that it would not be so very hard to perish in the dark waters dashing so madly about the vessel's side.

### CHAPTER XXI.

New York, December 16, 18—  
To Miss Helen Lennox, Silvertown, Mass.:  
Your sister is very ill. Come as soon as possible.  
W. Cameron.

This was the purport of a telegram received at the farm-house toward the close of a chill December day, and Helen's heart almost stopped its beating as she read it aloud, and then looked in the white, scared faces of those around her. Katy was very ill—dying, perhaps—or Wilford had never telegraphed. What could it be? What was the matter? Had it been somewhat later, they would have known; but now all was conjecture, and in a half-distracted state, Helen made her hasty preparations for the journey of the morrow, and then sent for Morris, hoping he might offer some advice or suggestion, for her to carry to that sick room in New York.

"Perhaps you will go with me," Helen said. "You know Katy's constitution. You might save her life." But Morris shook his head. If he was needed they might send and he would come, but not without; and so next day he carried Helen to the cars, saying to her as they were waiting for the train, "I hope for the best, but it may be Katy will die. If you think so, tell her, oh, tell her of the better world, and ask if she is prepared? I cannot lose her in Heaven."

And this was all the message Morris sent, though his heart and prayers went after the rapid train which bore Helen safely onward, until Hartford was reached, where there was a long detention, so that the dark wintry night had closed over the city ere Helen reached it, timid, anxious, and wondering what she should do if Wilford was not there to meet her. "He will be, of course," she kept repeating to herself, looking around in dismay, as passenger after passenger left, seeking in stages and street cars a swifter passage to their homes.

"I shall soon be all alone," she said, feeling some relief as the car in which she was seated began at last to move, and she knew she was being taken whither the others had gone, wherever that might be.

"Is Miss Helen Lennox here?" sounded cheerily in her ears as she stopped before the depot, and Helen uttered a cry of joy, for she recognized the voice of Mark Ray, who was soon grasping her hand, and trying to reassure her, as he saw how she shrank from the noise and clamor of New York, heard now for the first time. "Our carriage is here," he said, and in a moment she found herself in a close-covered vehicle, with Mark sitting opposite, tucking

### Legs so Swelled He Couldn't Walk

This case of Mr. James Trencman, the well-known butcher of 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., is another proof that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are effective in the most severe and complicated diseases of the kidneys.

Mr. Trencman states:—"Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box and continued the use of this valuable medicine until now I can say for a certainty that I am entirely cured. I never took any medicine that did me so much good, and am firmly convinced that if it had not been for this medicine I would not be working to-day."

These pills act directly on the kidneys and liver, regulate the bowels and ensure the perfect action of the digestive and filtering systems. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pills**

the warm blanket around her, asking if she were cold, and paying those numberless little attentions so gratifying to one always accustomed to act and think for herself.

Helen could not see Mark's face distinctly; but full of fear for Katy, she fancied there was a sad tone in his voice, as if he were keeping back something he dreaded to tell her; and then, as it suddenly occurred to her that Wilford should have met her, not Mark, her great fear found utterance in words, and leaning forward so that her face almost touched Mark's she said, "Tell me Mr. Ray, is Katy dead?"

"Not dead, oh no, nor very dangerous, my mother hopes; but she kept asking for you, and so my—that is, Mr. Cameron sent the telegram."

There was an ejaculatory prayer of thankfulness, and then Helen continued, "Is it long since she was taken sick?"

"Her little daughter will be a week old to-morrow," Mark replied; while Helen, with an exclamation of surprise she could not repress, sank back into the corner, faint and giddy with the excitement of this fact, which invested little Katy with a new dignity, and drew her so much nearer to the sister who could scarcely wait for the carriage to stop, so anxious was she to be where Katy was, to kiss her dear face once more, and whisper the words of love she knew she must have longed to hear.

Awestruck, bewildered and half terrified, Helen looked up at the huge brown structure, which Mark designated as "the place." It was so lofty, so grand, so like the Camerons, and so unlike the farm-house far away, that Helen trembled as she followed Mark into the rooms flooded with light, and seeming to her like fairy land. They were so different from anything she had imagined, so much handsomer than even Katy's descriptions had implied, that for the moment the sight took her breath away, and she sank passively into the chair Mark brought for her, herself taking her muff and tippet, and noting, as he did so, that they were not mink, nor yet Russian sable, but well-worn, well-kept fitch, such as Juno would laugh at and criticize. But Helen's dress was a matter of small moment to Mark, and he thought more of the look in her dark eyes than of all the furs in Broadway, as he said to him, "You are very kind, Mr. Ray, I cannot thank you enough." This remark had been wrung from Helen by the feeling of homesickness which swept over her, as she thought how really alone she should be there, in her sister's house, on this first night of her arrival, if it were not for Mark, thus virtually taking the place of the brother-in-law, who should have been there to greet her.

"He was with Mrs. Cameron," the servant said, and taking out a card Mark wrote down a few words, and handing it to the servant who had been looking curiously at Helen, he continued standing until a step was heard on the stairs and Wilford came quietly in.

It was not a very loving meeting, but Helen was civil and Wilford was polite, offering her his hand and asking some questions about her journey.

"I was intending to meet you myself," he said, "but Mrs. Cameron does not like me to leave her, and Mark kindly offered to take the trouble of my hands."

He was looking pale and anxious, while there was on his face the light of a new joy, as if the little life begun so short a time ago had brought an added good to him, softening his haughty manner, and making him even endurable to the prejudiced sister watching him so closely.

"Does Phillips know you are here?" he asked, answering his own query by ringing the bell and bidding Esther, who appeared, tell Phillips that Miss Lennox had arrived, and wished for supper, explaining to Helen that since Katy's illness they had dined at three, as that accommodated them all the best.

This done and Helen's baggage ordered to her room, he seemed to think he had discharged his duty as host, and as Mark had left he began to grow fidgety, for a tete-a-tete with Helen was what he desired. He had said to her all that he could think to say, for it never once occurred to him to inquire after the deacon's family. He asked for Dr. Grant, but his solicitude went no further, and the inmates of the farm-house might have been dead and buried for aught he knew to the contrary. The omission was not made purposely, but because he really did not feel enough of interest in people so widely different from himself even to ask for them, much less to suspect how Helen's blood boiled as she detected the omission and imputed it to intended slight, feeling glad when he excused himself, saying he must go back to Katy, but would send his mother down to see her. Then she was there, the one whom Helen dreaded most of all, whom she had invested with every possible terror, hoping now that she would not be in haste to come down. She might have spared herself anxiety to meet a person who, could she have had her way, would not have been there at all.

From the first moment of consciousness after the long hours of suffering Katy had asked for Helen.

"Send for Helen; I am so tired, and she could always rest me," was her reply, when asked by Wilford that he could do for her. "Send for Helen; I want her so much," she had said to Mrs. Cameron, when she came, repeating the wish until a consultation was held between the mother and son, touching the propriety of sending for Helen. "She would be of no use whatever, and might excite our Katy. Quiet is highly important now," Mrs. Cameron had said, thus veiling under pretended concern for Katy her aversion to the girl whose independence in declining her dress-maker had never been forgiven, and whom she had set down in her mind as rude and ignorant.

"If her coming would do Katy harm she ought not to come," Wilford thought, while Katy in her darkened room moaned on.

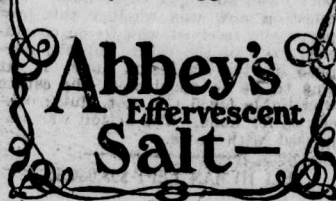
"Send for sister Helen; please send

## INSIST ON Abbey's

### Thicken up Your Blood for winter.

Our winters will shock the hardest of constitutions unless fortified with such a tonic laxative as "Abbey's." Do you feel that every wind that blows chills you to the very marrow? You need "Abbey's" to thicken up the blood—it is a fruit salt that eradicates impurities—promotes regular action of the bowels—stimulates circulation—tones the nerves—paints everlasting health roses on the cheek—try it.

Ask your Druggist for



for sister Helen."

At last, on the fourth day, Mrs. Banker, Mark Ray's mother, came to the house, and in consideration of the striking likeness she had evinced for Katy ever since her arrival in New York, and the great respect felt for her by Mrs. Cameron, she was admitted to the chamber and heard the plaintive pleadings, "Send for sister Helen," until her motherly heart was touched, and as she sat with her son at dinner she spoke of the young girl, another moaning so for Helen.

Whether it was Mark's great pity for Katy, or whether he was prompted by some more selfish motive, we do not profess to say, but that he was greatly excited was very evident from his manner as he exclaimed: "Why not send for Helen, then? She is a splendid girl, and they idolize each other. Talk of her injuring Katy, that's all a humbug. She is just fitted for a nurse. Almost the sight of her would cure one of nervousness, she is so calm and quiet."

"This was what Mark said, and the next morning Mrs. Banker's carriage stood at the door of No. — Madison Square, while Mrs. Banker herself was talking to Wilford in the library, and urging that Helen be sent for at once.

"May save her life. She is more feverish today than yesterday, and this constant asking for her sister will wear her out so fast," she added, and that last argument prevailed.

Helen was sent for, and now sat waiting in the parlor for the coming of Mrs. Cameron. Wilford did not mean to hear him as he whispered to his mother that Helen was below; but she did, and her blue eyes flashed brightly as she started from her pillow, exclaiming: "I am so glad, so glad! Kiss me, Wilford, because I am so glad. Does she know? Have you told her? Wasn't she surprised, and will she come up quick?"

They could not quiet her at once, and only the assurance that unless she were more composed, Helen should not see her that night, had any effect upon her; but when they told her that, she lay back upon her pillow submissively, and Wilford saw the great tears dropping from her cheeks, while the pallid lips kept softly whispering "Helen." Then the sister love took another channel, and she said:

"She has not been to supper, and Phillips is always cross at extra. Will somebody see to it. Send Esther to me, please." Esther knows and is good-natured.

"Mother will do all that is necessary. She is going down," Wilford said; but Katy had quite as much fear of leaving Helen to "mother" as Phillips, and insisted upon Esther until the latter came, receiving numerous injunctions as to the jam, the sweetmeats, the peaches, and the cold ham Helen must have each one being remembered as her favorite.

Wholly unselfish, Katy thought nothing of herself or the effort it cost her to care for Helen; but when it was over and Esther was gone, she seemed so utterly exhausted that Mrs. Cameron did not leave her, but staid at her bedside, until the extreme paleness was gone, and her eyes were more natural. Meanwhile the supper, which as Katy feared had been arranged by Esther, who conducted Helen to the dining room, herself standing by and waiting upon her because the one whose duty it was had gone out for the evening, and Phillips had declined the "honor," at last styled it.

she turned over the tippet which Phillips would not have worn.

"I wonder how long she means to stay, and if Wilford will have to take her out," she was thinking, just as Helen appeared in the door and advanced into the room.

By herself, it was easy to slight Helen Lennox, but in her presence Mrs. Cameron found it very hard to appear as cooing and distant as she was meant to do, for there was something about Helen which commanded her respect, and she went forward to meet her, offering her her hand and saying cordially:

"Miss Lennox, I presume—my daughter Katy's sister?"

Helen had not expected this, and the warm flush which came to her cheeks made her very handsome, as she returned Mrs. Cameron's greeting, and then asked more particularly for Katy than she had yet done. For a while they talked together, Mrs. Cameron noting carefully every item of Helen's attire, as well as the purity of her language and her perfect repose of manner after the first stiffness had passed away.

"Naturally a lady as well as Katy; there must be good blood somewhere, probably on the Lennox side," was Mrs. Cameron's private opinion, while Helen, after a few moments, began to feel far more at ease with Mrs. Cameron than she had done in the dining room with Esther waiting on her, and the cross Phillips stalking once through the room for no ostensible purpose except to get a sight of her.

Helen wondered at herself, and Mrs. Cameron wondered too, trying to decide whether it were ignorance, conceit, obtuseness, or what, which made her so self-possessed when she was expected to appear so different.

"Strong-minded," was her final decision, as she said at last, "We promised Katy she should see you to-night. Will you go now?"

Then the color left Helen's face and lips and her limbs shook perceptibly, for the knowing she was soon to meet her sister unvaried her; but by the time the door of Katy's room was reached she was herself again, and there was no need for Mrs. Cameron to whisper, "Pray do not excite her."

Three of a Kind.  
This conversation was heard on a cotter's holiday at the luncheon hour: The young hopeful complains, "I say, murther, ain't I got to 'ave any 'am'?" "Don't say 'am' Billy; say 'ax'." "The father of the family, listening with evident scorn, nudged a cultured brother. "They bot 'anks they're sayin' 'AM'."

## Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

"Opportunity makes the thief." Shoe sole "robbery" prevails because it can't be discovered till the shoe is worn out. The Makers' price stamped on the sole—pledges value up to that price in—

"The Slater Shoe"

Goodyear Welld. Charles & Caron, sole local agents.

## Woodstock Business College

We have a Commercial Course specially adapted to

The Needs of the Farmer's Son

Why feel embarrassed when you have to transact business in the bank or offices when a THREE MONTHS' COURSE in our college will put you in a position to know what to do and how to do it? Write for particulars or call and talk it over.

R. W. NICKERSON, President. H. L. WEBBER, Principal.

## Deering Machinery

Full line of Farming Implements, Also agent for Buggies, Cutters, Wagons, Sleighs, etc. Repairs of all kinds in stock.

W. R. HARE, Talbot st. west.

ON SALE—400 Heral Roller Grist Mill three story brick in good running order, 35,000 bushel iron clad grain elevator nearly new about 100 acres of land, which is mostly used for growing water power, which is sufficient to run the mill more than half the time. The balance of time is run by steam. The mill is doing a good paying business, is located just outside the corporation of the town of Aylmer, is offered cheap and on easy terms of payment, good reason for selling. Apply to C. O. Leach, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

## OFFICE OF A. A. Leslie

Treasurer of the Township of Malahide.

Notary Public, Conveyancer, Assignee, Etc.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

General Fire Insurance Agent. PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.

## We Are After Business

So don't lose your eyesight looking for anything better than you can get from us in fine tailoring. Our stock is large and strictly up-to-date. We have the very latest fashions, and can satisfy the most fastidious dresser in

Style, Fit and Price

Our cutter is an honor graduate of the John J. Mitchell School, of New York City, and we employ none but experienced hands. If you are not one of our regular customers, give us a trial order and be convinced.

S. T. LOGAN, Merchant Tailor. FT. BURWELL, ONT.

## THIRTY-FIVE HORSE



THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED FIRM IN WESTERN ONTARIO

## First-class Turn Out

OF ANY KIND FURNISHED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND AT THE

Lowest Prices

Stables—Opposite Town Hall.

L. W. Pierce & Son, Proprietors

## At This Season



You need a little Brandy and Wine. You can't keep Christmas without it. We offer a good sound wine at 25c a quart bottle and brandy from 75c.

SMITH'S LIQUOR STORE ST. THOMAS.